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SHORT NOTES ON MATRIMONY.

MATRIMONY has never been treated formally in the Journal, but several matters connected with it have received some attention. In an early number, in a paper entitled "Fathers have Flinty Hearts," we endeavoured to combat the idea that parents are in general animated by views opposed to the happiness of their children with regard to marriage.* Afterwards, under the title of "Attachments,"† it was our aim to show that that fixing of the affections upon one object, which the young generally consider as an act, like certain advertisements, "not to be repeated," is in reality only the employment of a *power* of affection, which, on some subsequent occasion, and under certain favouring circumstances, may be shifted to a second object, which it will regard with as strong a feeling of preference as it ever manifested for the first. We afterwards said what we could to discountenance the dangerous practice of making engagements when there is any thing but the most immediate prospect of their being fulfilled by marriage—a practice which leads to a vast amount of misery otherwise avoidable, and which every one possessing the slightest influence over young persons, ought by all means to discourage.‡ The different but even more alarming class of dangers attending marriage between parties nearly related in blood, was the subject of another paper.§ More recently, we took into consideration the common notion as to the dependence of women upon marriage, and endeavoured to show that their respectability and happiness might be advanced by their appearing and really considering themselves as comparatively independent of matrimony; for which reason we counselled parents to train up their female children to look upon a husband as a thing which it was only well to have, if a good one should readily occur, but which it were better otherwise to want, or for which, at least, no sacrifice should be made, seeing that it is quite possible to lead both an useful and a happy life unmarried.¶ We would now advert to a few other points connected with this subject—a delicate one, we confess, seeing that every error involved in it has been committed by the wisest and most estimable of our friends, but which we shall nevertheless venture on, with some hope of passing over it successfully, being, on this as on all other occasions, sincerely anxious to treat general questions with as little offence to the feelings of individuals as possible.

It is but to reiterate the most commonplace observation, that unequal matches of all kinds are unfavourable to happiness. A match may be unequal in age, in the personal appearance and manners of the parties, in their original grade, and many other respects. In every respect inequality is mischievous, and generally as much so for the party who seems to have the advantage, as for the other. When, for instance, a female of thirty-five marries a man of twenty, the likelihood of unhappiness ten or twelve years afterwards, is even greater for herself than for her husband. The laws of nature have in this case been signally violated, and nothing but evil can follow. The ages of married pairs should be adjusted according to a sliding scale, in something like the following manner:—When the woman is under twenty-five, the man should not be less than five years older; when she is between twenty-five and thirty-three, he ought to be eight years older; when she is between thirty-three and forty, he should be fully fifteen years her senior; and so on. It may be observed that departures from such a rule are not

certain in all cases to be attended with unhappiness; but assuredly, in as far as it is departed from, there is the less likelihood of happiness. So, also, when an individual of a humble grade is adopted by marriage into a comparatively refined circle, there is, upon the whole, most risk of suffering to the inferior person. It is not good for either, but certainly worst for the party who makes the greatest change, and whose position is consequently the falsest. In such a case, one may really be said to gain a loss. Unsuitable matches are awkward and troublesome to more than the parties themselves. It is common for persons who have made such alliances to say that they had a title to please themselves; but this is a maxim to be taken with some exception. A married pair are not quite isolated in society. They are on the contrary associated and connected with many persons who owe to them, and to whom they owe, duty. It is felt by these persons that the unsuitableness of the match is productive of much inconvenience to them, and must needs be so, while such a thing as society exists. It is therefore in some measure necessary, in marriage, to please friends, as well as one's self, if we would discharge all the obligations under which we lie as social beings. When a man or woman of some rank marries a person of greatly inferior condition, a great and real offence is unquestionably committed, and the consequent alienation of friends, though to be deplored, is only what is to be expected.

Harmony of character is as needful as equality of condition. When fortune joins the gentle to the rude, she certainly commits one of the most wanton of all her pranks. There is a theory which probably has taken its rise in a wish to find a final cause for the many inharmonious unions which are formed—that nature delights in uniting opposites. The only countenance which the doctrine has is in the noted caprice which makes tall men select short women, and short men tall women, dark men fair women, and so forth. There is perhaps some principle of taste which produces these odd associations, but it is greatly to be doubted if opposite dispositions ever lead to a feeling of preference. All that we know of mind teaches us, on the contrary, that souls sympathise only under the influence of a community of sentiment. When a gentle nature is drawn into connexion with an ungente one, it is probably either through the efficacy of some external circumstances, or by the working of that venerative principle which, in all love affairs, produces a blindness to the real qualities of the object. The refined come into conjunction with the coarse, the enlightened with the ignorant, the benevolent with the severe, through similar causes; and from all such alliances only misery can come. The wreck of peace produced by an inharmonious marriage, and the almost hopelessness of redress, present one of the most distressing views of human affairs which we ever meet with. And it is difficult to reconcile with justice our condemning to perpetual misery a person who has only been unfortunate in the choice of a mate. Such pairs are forced, or all but forced, by society to remain together, not exactly because their separating would be an evil in itself, but because it is feared that the least facilitation to divorce would produce a general disposition to dissolve the marriage tie. It has always seemed to us highly questionable if the relaxation of the laws on this subject would be attended with any such effect, for, first, the natural disposition is, not to separate, but to remain together, as is shown by the pertinacity with which even unhalloved unions are maintained; and, second, there is greater laxity in some countries than in others, without having the slightest observable effect in inviting to separation.

But this is a critical subject, and not strictly under our view at present; so we shall leave it with the remark that, in the present arrangements, there is certainly a powerful call for the exercise of caution with regard to the dispositions of the party with whom an alliance is to be formed.

Matrimony presents occasion for the exercise of conscientiousness towards somewhat extraordinary objects. Where any one, by marrying, has a great chance of injuring the happiness of the other party, it certainly ought to be a point of conscience to avoid taking the step. The circumstances of some men—with regard, for instance, to the nature of their profession [this is particularly the case in the army], or with regard to their income [this is a more general case]—are such, that there is no reasonable prospect of happiness for their partner. They are therefore bound to postpone coming under this obligation until they shall be in more favourable circumstances. There is a large class of both men and women who are disqualified for matrimony by their condition as to health. Where there is some simple disease, about which no concealment is affected, or where there is the obvious feebleness of old age, the association will be fair enough, if both parties are willing. But where there is a deep-seated and fatal disease, which does not make an appearance, and where the party so affected marries, or even commences or encourages addresses, without a full disclosure of the nature of the case, the act is a fraud, and one of a gross and dangerous character. It may be that the erring party is young, and ignorant of the full extent of the evil done; but in this case the guilt is only transferred to parents or other guardians. Where there is a liability to hereditary disease, it becomes a duty both to others and one's self to abstain from the marriage tie. It may be very true that such is only an inherited misfortune, and that it is a hardship for such a person to be debarred from an association which others enter into for the promotion of their happiness; but these are only smaller evils which it is proper to submit to in order to avoid greater. By forbearing from matrimony, the evil is kept at its original amount; by marrying, the risk is incurred of widely enlarging it. A person who takes a hereditary disease into the marriage connexion, may be said to be laying the foundation of a life of trial and misery. Like all other selfish wrong acts, it is severely punished. An offspring probably arises, only to be sources of anxiety and affliction to their parents, or to wring their hearts by what reason may afterwards acknowledge as a comparative mercy—premature death. It often happens that such a family observes a regular time in succession for beginning to pine, reaching a crisis, and then dropping into the grave. Imagine the feelings of a parent who sees these nevertheless endeared objects going on to their almost certain doom, conscious that earthly aid is all in vain to counteract the decrees of nature. Or suppose the more agonising feelings with which the first symptoms of a hereditary mental taint are observed arising. The heart of the unconcerned melts with compassion at the mention of such distresses; yet there cannot be a doubt that the parties are only reaping the harvest of the herb of bitterness which they have sowed. Nature tells that certain malignant ailments go from parents to children. Reason therefore infers that persons so affected ought not to marry. This is a counsel which they are bound to obey. Do they disregard the injunction, they have only themselves to blame for the consequences. The most sympathising bystander must see and acknowledge this truth. It is unfortunate that many have but obscure notions of

* See Journal, No. 3. † No. 46. ‡ No. 243.

§ "A Chapter for the Unmarried," No. 309.

¶ "Ideas respecting the Fair Sex," No. 494.

the government of these matters by invariable natural law. In perfect ignorance, or in some vague hope of escape, they rush into circumstances which may be said to secure their ruin. Were they fully aware of the truth, they would avoid such circumstances sedulously. Conscientiousness to the other party in the matrimonial contract, demands their doing so. Nay, it is demanded by more than this—conscientiousness towards the possible offspring of the alliance. To usher into existence beings who are only to be a burden to themselves, and condemned from the first to early death, is an act as evil in its consequences as to inflict deadly injury upon a healthy person; and, where this is known, the act is not less strongly forbidden by a right morality. The views of society upon these points are as yet very imperfect; but we do not despair that the time will arrive, when either to marry with disease, or to marry a diseased person, will be shrank from as one of the most flagitious of acts, and visited, where it occurs, with the same reprobation which is now bestowed on fraudulency and gross outrages of all kinds.

It seems at first sight to admit of some question how far it is right to recommend a selection of the best women and men for husbands and wives, as that would imply that a number are to be left over on account of what are perhaps only natural misfortunes. But, on a more careful consideration, such selection appears quite legitimate. It is better that the weakly and the foolish be left over, than that the sound and rational should be so, because the former are the least likely to enjoy happiness in the married state. Still more clearly is this the case, considering that it is better that the race should be continued from good than from inferior stock. It is therefore only right for both men and women to endeavour to obtain as good specimens of the opposite sex for their partners as possible. A good general figure is a point worth looking to in all cases; but young ladies especially are apt to make it rather too important a one. What would they think of an advice to look for a well-developed head, as a not less important point! The large heads tend to the upper strata of society, the small heads the contrary way. To be married to a youth of perhaps inferior present rank, but who from this cause is rising in life, is apt to turn out much preferable in the long run to marrying a perfect equal, whose development of brain indicates the probability of a declining course. Let no man, on the other hand, who wishes that his children should possess competent ability, ally himself to a small-headed woman. The volume of brain is hereditary, as well as tallness and a fair skin. Indeed, this is the case with all natural characteristics; and it may be laid down as a general rule, that such qualities as we should like in children, such qualities should we look for in the associate of the conjugal yoke.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF HORACE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

AFTER the Odes of Horace, his *Satires* fall under review. Of these he has left eighteen, which are distributed into two books. Luxury, avarice, and affectation, the prevalent vices of the time, he assails with much sound sense and easy raillery. Employing on purpose, in this class of compositions, a homely, conversational style, whence his allusion to his "pedestrian muse," he not only directs his powerful ridicule against the local and ephemeral modes of vice and vanity, but probes, with a steady and scientific hand, those permanent principles in human nature, which are ever ready to throw off a fresh race of follies as soon as their predecessors have vanished. Take the following verses, which form the introductory section of the First Satire, as a specimen. The poet illustrates the discontent produced by covetousness. He addresses Mæcenas:—

How happens it, my friend, that none's content,
Nor likes the lot or choice or chance hath lent;
Turns from his own employ with perverse will,
And after that of others hankers still?
"Oh, happy merchants!" thus the veteran sighs,
As o'er his war-worn frame he casts his eyes;
While thus the merchant, tossing on the brine—
"A soldier's life is better far than mine:
For why, I'm ever on the rack; but he—
An hour will bring him death or victory!"
The man of law, to whom at cock-crow swarms
A pack of clients, lauds the quiet farm:
The simple farmer to the city come,
Vows none are blest but those that live at Rome.
There's many a case would suit my aim as well,
'Twould tire the babbler Fabius' self to tell:
So here's my point. Suppose some god should say,
Good-naturedly, "Well, each may have his way:
You, soldier, be a trader; lawyer, you
Shall, since you wish it, be a farmer too.
So off! Why linger ye?" Why, each is fain
To lose the boon, and be himself again!
And yet they sigh be blest! Why, where's the wonder
If he, the wrathful sovereign of the thunder,
Should puff his cheeks, and, for the future, swear
He'll not so readily fulfil their prayer?

—Satire, I. 1.

In the satire of which we next translate a portion, Horace describes, with exquisite humour, the molestation he had suffered from the pertinacity of a bore. After various ineffectual attempts to shake off this "weaver of long tales," he hopes at last to carry his point by the connivance of a friend, in a little stratagem which his reasonable appearance has suggested. He is, as the event proves, too sanguine. The waggish acquaintance enjoys the poet's vexation too keenly to

come to the rescue; affects respect for the day, which happened to be one of those held sacred by the Jews; and so sheers off, leaving Horace in the hands of his tormentor. At this juncture, the plaintiff in a suit, in which the babbler was defendant, luckily appears, and effects the desired riddance. An allusion here requires a little explanation. When a prosecutor wished to compel the attendance of his adversary before the prætor, the adversary being unwilling to go, he was at liberty to drag him thither by force, provided he first touched the ear of any person present, and secured his attestation to the refusal. If this ceremony were omitted, the arrest was deemed illegal. "The ancients believed that the seat of the memory was in the tip of the ear; and hence their custom of touching it, in order to remind another of a thing, or for the purpose of calling him to witness any circumstance or occurrence."

Thus chatter'd he: when Fuscus comes in view,
A friend of mine that well my pester knew.
Our greetings over, straightway I begin
To twitch, significant, his callous skin,
Provokingly pinch-proof; I nod full shy;
A thousand gestures show my agony:
I summon worlds of meaning into a squint;
In vain: the rogue plays shy to every hint.
"You had some matter to disclose, I thought—
Something or other, though I know not what:
A secret 'twas; I long to hear't, I vow."
"True, I remember; but won't tell you now.
Another time, for all I've got to say,
Will serve—I see you are engaged to-day:
Besides, 'tis thirtieth Sabbath; surely you
On no account would thus affront the Jew?"
"I've no such scruples, I assure you." "Oh,
But all the world are not enlighten'd so;
I have my weak side, I must own with pain—
My friend, excuse me, we shall meet again."
Black day! he leaves me: when, by happy chance,
Who but the foresaid plaintiff should advance!
"Where now, you scoundrel?" (he accosts my friend):
"Sir, you'll be evidence?" (to me): I lend
My ear with right good-will: to witness they go,
A mob their convoy: Phebus saved me so.

—Satires, I. 9.

At Rome, in the time of Horace, fortune-hunting had become a profession. In an imaginary dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias, the blind prophet of Thebes, introduced in the *Odyssey*, the poet covertly satirises the mean practices of his countrymen. From this performance we extract the following passages. The version is by Dr Dunkin, the coadjutor of Francis.

ULYSSES.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
Unerring prophet, as you first foretold.
The woeful tribe, in revellings employ'd,
My stores have lavish'd, and my herds destroy'd;
But high descent and meritorious deeds,
Unblest with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.

TIRESIAS.

Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought
Of want, attend how riches may be caught.
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing,
Be sent to you, dispatch it on the wing
To some rich dotard. What your garden yields,
The choicest honours of your cultured fields,
To him be sacrificed, and let him taste,
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.
Though he be perjured, though a low-born knave,
Stain'd with fraternal blood, a fugitive slave,
Yet wait upon him at his least command,
And always bid him take the upper hand.

If any one desires you to peruse
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you; but obliquely read
The second clause, and quick run o'er the deed,
Observing whether, to reward your toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the spoil.

—Satires, II. 5.

In Roman wills, which were generally written on tablets overspread with wax, the first line or clause was occupied by the name of the testator; the second, as is above intimated, would contain that of the legatee. A man was at liberty to pass by his nearest relatives, and constitute whom he pleased his heirs, provided the persons nominated were Roman citizens.

The lively sarcastic vein which pervades and is proper to the *Satires* of Horace, is likewise so characteristic of his *Epistles*, that many eminent critics have viewed the latter as simply a continuation of the former. The distinction between the two classes of compositions is, however, sufficiently marked by a variety of circumstances. The individuality of address, the range of topics, and the constant exclusion of dialogue, clearly establish the propriety of the title under which the epistles have come down to us.

The letters of the first book, of which there are twenty, are mostly familiar or moral. The poet skips with great alacrity from gay to grave. At one time he is eulogising Homer; at another, excusing himself for having ill-pared nails or a threadbare shirt; now he is discoursing on the excellence of virtue, anon he is inviting a friend to supper. These productions are supposed to have been written when their author was verging on fifty. We translate entire, as a favourable specimen of the lighter sort, the epistle to a celebrated contemporary poet:—

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

My friendly critic, think you I can guess
How you employ your rural solitudes?
Art writing verses which shall more than vie
With even Parman Casius' elegy?
Or art thou muntering through the healthful wood,
Reveling thence between the wise and good?

* Anthon.

† Penelope's suitors.

I know thou art: that form of thine, so fair,
Is genius' home, nor soul is wanting there.
Heaven gave thee wealth, nor did kind Heaven refuse
A better boon—the wit that wealth to use:
What could her sucking nurse's wish assign,
Save person, genius, fortune, fame like thine?
Yet take advice: how'er your life be pass'd,
Act as you thought each day that dawn'd your last;
For so, should many chance to be in store,
You'll relish each new-comer all the more,
And live, with keener zest, the unexpected hour.
In fine, my friend, if ever dull you be,
Then come my way, and have a laugh at me:
In good condition, fat and sleek, am I—
A well-fed pig of Epicurus' sty.

—Epistles, I. 4.

The epistle to Bullatius, of which we extract only the concluding section, may be read as a commentary on Milton's emphatic axiom—"The mind is its own place." From an obscure intimation in one of his odes, it would seem that Horace had once been in danger of shipwreck. The remembrance of his former jeopardy might whet the zeal with which he reprobates the rage for travel. We here use the version of Francis:

Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live,
To a sound mind no greater bliss can give
Than a thick coat in summer's burning ray,
Or a light mantle on a snowy day,
Or to a swimmer Tiber's freezing stream,
Or sunny rooms in August's mid-day flame.
While yet 'tis in your power, while fortune smiles,
At Rome with rapture vaunt those happy isles;
Then with a grateful hand the bliss receive,
If Heaven at hour more fortunate shall give.
Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,
Where'er you live, an inward happiness.
If reason only can our cares allay,
Not the bold site that wide commands the sea;
If they who through the venturous ocean range,
Not their own passions, but the climate change;
Anxious through seas and land to search for rest
Is but laborious idleness at best:
In desert Uthure the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind.

—Epistles, I. 11.

The second book contains only three epistles. In the opinion of Hurd, these are "the best and most exquisite" of the works of Horace. The first and third are throughout critical; an epithet scarcely applicable to the light gossip of the second. The former compositions bear a relation to his other epistolary and satirical writings, very similar to that subsisting between Pope's "Epistles" and his "Essay on Criticism." We must reserve our attention for the third, which is better known under the appellation of the *Art of Poetry*. In this composition he sets out somewhat abruptly, with a very forcible illustration of the grotesque effect produced by patches of false ornament in composition; guards against abuse of the poetic license; enforces the necessity of a just estimate of one's own powers; adverts to the beauty of an unaffected diction, admitting at the same time that words have their generation as well as men, and observes that custom is the supreme arbiter of language; and then specifies the different measures appropriate to the various orders of poetry. Here he launches into a disquisition on the drama, both as written and acted, enjoining a strict attention to the proprieties of situation and character, and counselling the removal of murders and the like revolting spectacles from the stage. He exhorts aspirants to dramatic fame to the daily and nightly study of the Grecian models; ridicules, in his keenest style, the folly and presumption of those who declined to "use the pruning-knife," pleading genius as an apology for the neglect of revision; and yet rebukes the captious criticism, which, passing by without eulogy the conspicuous beauties of a composition, only fastens, like the flesh-fly, on the tainted part. He then, addressing himself especially to the elder of the young Pisos, enlarges on the necessity of distinguished excellence in order to the establishment of such a reputation as he seems to have set his heart on; observing that, though moderate talents might command success in other lines of useful exertion, poetical mediocrity was alike intolerable "to gods, to men, and to booksellers." After delivering the celebrated advice, to suppress a piece till the ninth year after its production, and pronouncing a warm panegyric on the masters of ancient song, he glances at the oft-mooted question, whether art or genius enters the more largely into the composition of good poetry. He declares both indispensable; and holds up, in conclusion, by way of bugbear to all unlicensed trespassers on Parnassus, a highly graphic picture of a bard run mad.

In the passage which we select as a specimen, there occurs a much-quoted line, which runs literally thus: "He bears off every point who has blended the useful with the sweet." The allusion is to the manner of recording votes at the elective assemblies of the Romans. Each of these was indicated by a dot on a tablet; consequently, he who bore off all the dots was the successful candidate. Hence is derived the English phrase, to carry one's point.

Poets design to profit, or delight,
Or useful things in pleasing verse convey.
When morals you instill, be brief; and then
Your precepts will be readily retained.

The aged will explode an idle tale,
And stories too severe disgust the young;
But he who joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, gains the praise of all;
For such a work shall live, pass o'er the seas,
And bear to future times the author's fame.
Yet there are faults which pardon may deserve:
Not every string obeys the master's hand,

Nor always can the archer hit the mark.
So, in a work where many beauties shine,
I will not cavil at a few mistakes,
Which inadvertence sometimes may commit,
Or human nature could not wholly shun.
What then? Suppose a copyer should transcribe
The same words wrong, though often told his fault;
Or a musician the same jarring strings
Repeat—who could abstain from ridicule?
So he who trips at every other line,
May justly be compared to Chærius;*
For, when he stumbles on a shining verse,
I smile to see it in such company.
And wonder by what magic it came there;
But fret whenever honest Homer nods.
—Duncombe's Version.

In that class of his writings which has come under review in the present article, Horace appears as the possessor of qualities which rarely enter into the mental conformations of those whom he has himself so felicitously dubbed, the *genus irritabile vatum*.† That accurate self-knowledge, that exact measurement of his own intellectual proportions, that fine instinct which taught him the limits of his own strength, and prevented him from overstraining it, to which these, and indeed all his works, are the infallible indices, are endowments but seldom seen allied to that ardent, generous, imaginative temperament, which is the very source and soul of poetry. And yet these apparently antagonist attributes weld together in, and impart its distinctive idiosyncrasy to the genius of Horace. His satires and epistles show the man of the world—the keen Crabbe-like observer of every-day life and manners—the shrewd yet good-natured unmasker of the faults and the follies of his fellows. He peers into the most secret nooks of the human heart, and lays his finger on the very foibles that seemed best screened from detection. In these admirable performances, there is no straining and no affectation; he does not sink into vulgarity, nor does he strut in heroics. There is no writer with whom one feels so soon on the easy footing of a companion.

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way."

It is in the Odes, however, that Horace towers into the poet, and puts on the grandeur of the "divine mind." These, in his own judgment, formed the monument on which his name was to stand inscribed for the homage of posterity. For music of cadence, for purity of diction, and for beauty of sentiment and imagery, each of the odes will ever be esteemed a model and a study; and in his hands the Latin tongue becomes an instrument more delicate and flexible than it ever approves itself in those of any other writer.

PREDISPOSITION TO BLEEDINGS.

It is now pretty clearly understood that almost every individual human being has something peculiar in his physical organisation—some characteristic which renders him liable to special impressions from certain classes of circumstances and casualties. By this it is not meant that every single person differs in constitution from every other person. Scientific observers have seen grounds for arranging mankind into classes, according to their peculiarities of constitution; and it is found that, as our temperament may chance to be nervous, or sanguine, or bilious, we will be exposed to particular impressions, in each case, from particular circumstances. There is a species of idiosyncrasy, however, which has not attracted so much attention as other constitutional peculiarities, being, indeed, of comparatively rare occurrence. At the same time, it is a physical singularity of the most remarkable kind, mysterious in its nature and striking in its effects. When it comes before medical men in the case of any patient, they term it the *Hæmorrhagic Diathesis*; that is, a tendency to bleedings or fluxes of blood, from any hurt or lesion of the skin, to an extent far greater than is common with persons ordinarily constituted. So strong is this liability in some instances, that a leech-bite has caused death, the flow of blood having proved irrepressible by all the usual means. Another feature, distinguishing this idiosyncrasy, is its hereditary character. It has been observed to pass from generation to generation, and to pervade whole families. From attending to the cases of this kind on record, both instruction and warning, interesting to many, may perhaps be derived.

The extraction of teeth has frequently called into perilous and fatal action the hæmorrhagic diathesis; and surgeons seem to have had their attention first directed to the subject by accidents resulting from that operation. In a work published at Paris in 1778, by M. Jourdain, a dentist, we find various early cases alluded to. Haller mentions a case of mortal hæmorrhage, caused by the extraction of a tooth. Plater gives an example of a locksmith, who had a tooth extracted, and was seized in consequence with a flux of blood, which resisted all remedies, whether in the form of compression, touching with caustic, or cauterisation with red-hot iron, and terminated fatally. In these and other early cases, the surgeons conceived that a small artery, or vessel carrying blood directly from the heart, had been wounded, thus producing the fatal issue. No artery, at least of such a bulk as to cause any danger, lies at the roots of the teeth in ordinary

circumstances; but it is indubitable, that irregularities in the distribution of the blood-vessels do sometimes take place, causing operations otherwise safe to become seriously dangerous. Such irregularities are very rare, however, and the old surgeons only resorted to this explanation, because they were unacquainted with the existence of any peculiar constitutional tendency to hæmorrhage in individuals. In those early cases, where a cure was effected, pressure was the means employed; in one instance, a melted plaster was introduced into the socket of the tooth, and, in another, a portion of a bean, fixed down, was successfully used to stop the bleeding.

The truth respecting the existence of a hæmorrhagic predisposition in individuals, was made strikingly apparent in a case recorded by Mr Blagden in 1816. Joseph Langton had a tooth extracted when a boy; an oozing of blood followed, and ceased only at the end of twenty-one days. The slightest wound, in this boy's case, caused dangerous hæmorrhage; and one trifling hurt in the forehead, in 1815, had been followed by a flow of blood, which even the tying of both ends of the small bleeding vessel failed to check. Blood still oozed from the open surface, but caustic (potass) at length stopped it. The boy and his friends were so far made aware of the existence of some dangerous peculiarity in his constitution, that, when toothache again troubled him, it was for a time considered better to bear it than risk the extraction. At last, the tooth, one of the grinders on the left side of the upper jaw, was taken out. Profuse bleeding followed; and, on the day succeeding the operation, caustic, cold applications, and pressure by plugging, were all tried, but with, at best, merely temporary advantage. On the fourth day, the hæmorrhage still continued, and the actual cautery, or red-hot iron, was applied, which checked the flow for a few hours. On the fifth day, the bleeding went on, and the boy was reduced so low, that it was resolved to tie the carotid artery of the left side of the neck, one of the great sources of the blood in the face and head. The operation was performed; but to the ill-fated youth it proved only a new avenue to dissolution. The wound made by the operation began in the course of a few minutes to bleed profusely; ice checked it; but, on the removal of the ice, it instantly broke out afresh. As for the bleeding from the tooth, it was stopped for a few hours by the operation, but again returned; and, on the seventh day from the removal of the tooth, the boy died.

There did appear to be in this case something peculiar about the poor lad's tooth, matter of a purulent kind having come from the socket; but the other circumstances prove sufficiently that a remarkable predisposition to bleeding, from any lesion of the skin whatever, existed in the boy, and was the immediate cause of death. It has been observed that this extraordinary peculiarity was hereditary, and pervaded families. Krimer mentions one family, of which the male descendants, for four generations, had been strangely liable to bleedings; and M. Sanson, in a treatise published in 1836, mentions a case, where a man died from a slight hæmorrhage, having been preceded to the grave by six children, all of whom were cut off by the bleeding consequent on casual wounds. In an American essay on the same subject, the following case is recorded among others:—"A. B., of the state of Maryland, has had six children, four of whom have died of a loss of blood from the most trifling scratches or bruises. A small pebble fell on the nail of a finger of the last of them when at play, being a year or two old; in a short time, the blood issued from the end of the finger, till he bled to death." The sister of these children had no such peculiarity. Mr Liston also relates the case of a family of seven brothers, all of whom were affected by the hæmorrhagic diathesis, while their five sisters could bear wounds without any unusual danger. Of one of these brothers whom Mr Liston saw, it is mentioned that he was a large, strong-made man, without any thing peculiar or unhealthy in his aspect.

The last instance in proof of a hæmorrhagic predisposition in individuals which we shall give here, is a very remarkable one which occurred in Edinburgh in December 1841. Two reports have been given of it in the medical journals—one by Dr Roberts, dentist, and the other by Dr David Hay, who accompanies his statement with a number of analogous cases, of which those already noticed form examples. Mr C. P., a gentleman of middle age, came to Dr Roberts on the 19th of December, and had a decayed wisdom-tooth taken from the under jaw. No unusual bleeding ensued at first; but, on the evening of the same day, a continuous stream of blood was flowing from the socket. Dr Roberts, being applied to, checked it for the time by a plug of lint, compressed with a piece of cork. It soon broke out anew, however, and, for three weeks and two days, continued to bleed, with occasional intermissions caused by the various remedies employed. Full trials were made of caustic, the use of which is to burn and shrivel up the ends of the bleeding vessels, so impeding the sanguineous flow. The cautery, or red-hot iron, was applied more than once; and on the second trial of it, the lip was slightly burned by accident. The result of this accident showed but too clearly what the nature of the case was; an oozing of blood took place from the burn, which continued for days. Cold lotions were used, and pressure exerted in various ways; all was in vain. In place of a lessened flow of blood to the head, it

seemed, after several days, as if more blood were actually directed to that region. The face became much swollen and discoloured, as if from the effects of a blow; and an oozing also commenced from the gums and nostrils. Still considerable hopes were entertained from the 23d to the 31st of December, the oozing remaining comparatively slight, though almost continuous; but the worst symptoms suddenly re-occurred, and the patient sank on the 11th of January, notwithstanding all the exertions of his able attendants.

It may not be very common for cases to occur, where the predisposition to bleedings is so extremely strong as in the instances recorded. But where they are liable to occur, even in a modified form, guarded conduct is advisable; and, moreover, from what takes place in the instance of one member of a family, another may at least learn a lesson of prudence. The unfortunate gentleman, whose case has just been stated, had a tooth extracted three years before his death, and a bleeding of three days' duration followed. Had he been aware of such a case as that of the boy Langton, or had he been generally informed on the subject, he would in all likelihood have received a warning which might have prolonged his life. He erred, indeed, in not relating his former experience to Dr Roberts, who might have timely cautioned him. For these reasons, the relation of such cases to the public may, it appears to us, be of great service.

The cause of the hæmorrhagic diathesis is supposed to be a deficiency of the *fibrine* or *thicker portions* of the blood, which prevents the formation of a coagulum or clot at the mouths of wounded vessels. Flows of blood are naturally stopped, in ordinary cases, by such clots. The remedial means to be employed, where bleedings occur in persons predisposed to them, must depend, to a certain extent, upon the site of the bleeding. It is not uncommon for leech-bites to cause long and dangerous bleedings in children. Frequently, the employment of pressure, continued for a lengthened time, is efficacious in checking the flow; but sometimes ordinary pressure, caustics, and even hot iron, are applied in vain. The passage of a very fine needle from lip to lip of the wound, and the twisting afterwards upon the needle of thread in the shape of a figure of eight, has often been found effective where other means have failed. Often, in the case of persons even but slightly predisposed to bleeding, an alarming flux comes from the nostrils, which resists cold applications and other common remedies. Pressure is here the most effective remedy, and it is one, happily, which can be readily used by non-professional persons. Lint may answer the purpose, but other substances have been found more efficacious. One substance, we are assured upon excellent authority, answers the end peculiarly well, and has been long in use among the common people of some districts of Great Britain. This is simply a portion of the blood dried. The fluid matter being expelled by heat, the fibrine and thicker parts are left, which are the very materials wanted by the thin flowing blood to make a clot. This remedy is at once simple, and must necessarily be ever at hand. With regard to bleedings from the socket of an extracted tooth, fatal in so many cases, it seems to us, after an examination of the cases recorded, that, where the hæmorrhagic diathesis is marked and strong, pressure is the only safe and effectual remedy. The repeated use of caustics appears to blister the gums, and but to add fresh outlets, ultimately, for the oozing blood. Even the operation of tying the carotid artery, in the boy Langton's case, only accelerated the fatal result. Pressure, while it can do no injury, seems best fitted to do good. The question is—what is the best material to use in exerting pressure on the socket? Obviously such a substance as will best contribute to the formation of a clot in the mouths of the open vessels. The simple pressure of a hard unyielding substance will scarcely do this, as a hard body cannot mould itself into the shape of the cavity, and the blood will too readily force a way past it. One medical gentleman has been successful, where all other remedies failed, with plaster of Paris, introduced into the socket in a soft state. In this case, the liquid parts of the flowing blood would be absorbed by the plaster, and the thick parts, forming the clot, left at the mouths of the vessels. It is probable that this substance will be found a valuable resource in such cases. The other substance mentioned above, namely, blood dried or nearly dried, would in all probability form an equally valuable material for filling the socket, though we are not aware if it has yet been used in the case of bleedings from the teeth. Where either of these substances, or common lint, or any other material, is used to fill up the socket, it is necessary to keep it down and compress it, by means of cork, or something of the kind, properly fixed.

As bleedings are much more easily checked at the outset, for the most part, than after they have been permitted to continue for a time, these hints regarding the use of pressure may prove not altogether unserviceable in guiding the public, where medical aid is not at hand. And, moreover, as already observed, the present remarks may afford that caution which, in the case of Mr C. P., might have lengthened a valuable life. At the same time, it should be kept in mind, that instances of a strong hæmorrhagic diathesis are rare; and that, in ordinary cases, fluxes of blood are perfectly under the command of medical men, whether after operations or otherwise. It would

* A wretched versifier in the train of Alexander the Great.
† The irritable tribe of poets.

be foolish, indeed, for persons with no constitutional peculiarities of the kind under consideration, to neglect the means which nature and art have provided for the relief of suffering, from any fear of consequences which depend on a specific cause, and which are only witnessed where that cause exists in a marked degree.

JOSEPH STURGE'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

JOSEPH STURGE is a respectable and intelligent member of the Society of Friends, who, twelve months ago, left his quiet home near Birmingham to visit the United States, for the purpose of contributing his mite of encouragement to the cause of slave abolition, and the promotion of permanent international peace. On his return he has favoured the world with an account of what he saw, experienced, and thought, during his journey, on these great subjects, but chiefly that of the abolition of slavery.* We have perused the work of Mr Sturge not without gratification, both as respects his observations and the circumstances which came under his notice, but with much less satisfaction than we had reason to expect from the production of a man usually so clear-headed. The style is far from being perspicuous, and the account of the journey is so retarded and confused with extraneous matter, that the reader has the greatest difficulty in knowing at any time where the author is, or what he would exactly be at. We fear the volume has been written in haste, and without a precise idea of that great desideratum in the narrative of a tourist—taking the reader in all cases along with him.

In looking over the work, we find a few matters worthy of remark or extract. It appears that two or three years ago, a serious schism broke out among the abolitionists in the United States, and certainly about one of the most paltry affairs which ever unsettled a great cause: the source of disquietude was, whether women should be placed on committees, and vote along with male members of the anti-slavery body. An actual separation in the societies took place in the spring of 1840, and there are now two leading societies, "The American and Foreign Anti-slavery Society," and "The American Anti-slavery Society." We are glad to learn from Mr Sturge, that notwithstanding this unseemly rupture, "a better and kinder feeling is beginning to pervade all classes of American abolitionists; the day of mutual crimination seems to be passing away, and there is strong reason to hope that the action of the respective societies will henceforward harmoniously tend to the same object." According to our author, the members of the Society of Friends in the states are any thing but warm in the cause of abolition. What is the reason for this is not clearly stated. It appears, however, that the Friends have lent a helping hand to the schemes of the Colonisation Society, and this is considered a serious error in principle. "This society, it may be necessary to remind our readers, is an association organised and supported by voluntary contributions, to assist free persons of colour, who may find themselves uncomfortable in America, to emigrate to Liberia, on the coast of Africa, where now, as lately mentioned by us, there is a flourishing little nation of civilised blacks. This society has met with the uncompromising hostility of nearly all abolitionists, and it is spoken very disparagingly of by Friend Sturge. The charges made against the Colonisation Society seem to amount to this, that the society distracts attention from the principal object of pursuit—total and immediate abolition, and contemplates the expatriation of the coloured race from America, on the ground that amalgamation with the whites is impracticable. These charges may or may not be true, for any thing we know; but it is abundantly evident that the grand crime of the Colonisation Society is not uniting in the projects of the leading abolitionists. The whole affair, we fear, is a matter of jealousy. No man must relieve the pressure of slavery in any other way than is sanctioned by those at headquarters, because that would be depriving these personages of all glory in winning the battle. The success of the Liberian scheme, which, one would think, would delight every humane mind, is odious to the great party-leaders of the anti-slavery societies. It is an achievement from which they derive no honour; they did not plan it, and it is proceeding without their assistance. How melancholy is it to find the meanest

motives thus mixed up with what is truly the greatest secular cause in which men can be engaged!

Leaving the Colonisation Society, however, to settle its own disputes, we are more pleased in turning to parts in Friend Sturge's narrative which give token of an improvement in the American public mind respecting the treatment of coloured persons:—"One evening during my stay, I took tea with twelve or fifteen coloured gentlemen, at the house of a coloured family. The refined manners and great intelligence of many of them would have done credit to any society. The whites have a monopoly of prejudice, but not a monopoly of intellect; nor of education and accomplishments; nor even of those more trivial yet fascinating graces, which throw the charm of elegance and refinement over social life. I found, from the conversation I had with my coloured friends on different occasions, that the prejudice against them was steadily, and not very slowly, giving way; yet several instances were mentioned, of recent occurrence, which show that it is still strong. I will quote one only. A coloured gentleman informed me that last winter, a near female relative being about to take a journey by railway to Philadelphia, she was compelled, though in delicate health, to travel in the comfortless exposed car, expressly provided for negroes, though he offered to pay double fare for a place in the regular carriage. A lady, not of the proscribed class, who has long resided in New York, mentioned to me, as a marked indication of a favourable change in regard to colour, the holding of such meetings as those at which the Amistad captives were introduced. Such an exhibition, instead of causing a display of benevolent interest among all classes, would some years ago have excited the malignant passions of the multitude, and probably caused a popular outbreak. Another sign of the times was, that white and coloured children might be seen walking in procession, without distinction, on the anniversaries of the charity schools. The same lady, in whose veracity I place full confidence, informed me that there is now residing in this city a native of Cuba, formerly a slave-holder at the Havana, who narrowly escaped assassination from a negro. He had threatened the slave with punishment on the following day, but the desperate man concealed himself in his master's room, and in the night stabbed and killed his mistress by mistake, instead of his master. Three negroes were executed as principal and accessories; but their intended victim was so terrified, that he left Havana for New York. His fears, not his conscience, were alarmed, for he still carries on his diabolical traffic between Africa and Cuba, and is reported to have gained by it, last year, one hundred thousand dollars. He lives in great splendour, and has the character of a liberal and generous man, but with the most implacable hatred to the blacks. 'One murder makes a villain, thousands a hero.' How wide the distinction between this man and the wretches who paid the forfeit of their lives for a solitary murder!"

A little farther on, he says—"A fine black man was brought to me about this time, who showed me papers by which it appeared he had lately given one thousand five hundred dollars for his freedom. He had since been driven from the state in which he lived, by the operation of a law enacted to prevent the continued residence of free people of colour, and has thus been banished from a wife and family, who are still slaves. He has agreed with their owner, that if he can pay two thousand five hundred dollars in six years, his wife and six children shall be free; and he was then trying to get employment in New York, in the hope of being able to raise this large sum within the specified time."

"I subsequently," he observes, "visited, in company with a coloured gentleman, one of the principal coloured schools in New York, in which there were upwards of three hundred children present. All the departments appeared to be conducted, under coloured teachers, with great order and efficiency, and the attainments of the higher classes were very considerable. On the whole, this school would bear comparison with any similar school for white children which I ever visited."

Mr Sturge visited Washington in the course of his tour, one of his objects being to present an address to the President of the United States from the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society, signed by Thomas Clarkson. A communication which he made to the president on the subject met with no reply, and the address was never delivered. The president's non-reply was shabby, but perhaps politic and consistent with etiquette. We question if an English monarch would receive an address from a foreigner, praying his majesty to use his influence in dissolving one of the most prominent national institutions.

At Baltimore, a slave-holding city, Mr Sturge was glad to find that free people of colour were fully alive to the importance of education. "One individual told us, that in distributing about two hundred and fifty religious books, which had been sent to be gratuitously supplied to the poor of this class, he found only five or six families in which the children were not learning to read and write." In Virginia, considerable efforts have been made to promote general education; "yet the governor of Virginia, in his mes-

sage to the legislature (1839), says, that of 4614 adult males in that state who applied to the country clerks for marriage licenses in 1837, 1047 were unable to write their names." Another authority says that there is reason to suppose that one-fourth of the people of the state cannot write their names. "The destitution of the means of moral and religious improvement is in like manner very great." Matters are very different in the old free states of New England, where few things are more striking than the number and commodiousness of the places of worship. Schools are likewise abundant. But the progress of temperance is most surprising. There are splendid hotels in which no intoxicating liquors are dispensed, and "it is now very rare to see a drunken person even in the most populous cities."

Visiting Lowell, a manufacturing town, which has been called the Manchester of America, he was much pleased with the great propriety of demeanour of the operative classes, particularly the girls employed in the factories. On this subject he quotes the following from a native authority:—"The most striking and gratifying feature of Lowell is the high moral and intellectual condition of its working population. In looking over the books of the mills we visited, where the operatives entered their names, I observed very few that were not written by themselves; certainly not five per cent. of the whole number were signed with a mark, and many of these were evidently Irish. It was impossible to go through the mills and notice the respectable appearance and becoming and modest deportment of the 'factory girls,' without forming a very favourable estimate of their character and position in society. But it would be difficult indeed for a passing observer to rate them so high as they are proved to be by the statistics of the place. The female operatives are generally boarded in houses built and owned by the 'corporations' for whom they work, and which are placed under the superintendence of matrons of exemplary character, and skilled in housewifery, who pay a low rent for the houses, and provide all necessities for their inmates, over whom they exercise a general oversight, receiving about one dollar and one-third from each per week. Each of these houses accommodates from thirty to fifty young women, and there is a wholesome rivalry among the mistresses which shall make their inmates most comfortable. We visited one of the boarding-houses, and were highly pleased with its arrangement. A considerable number of the factory girls are farmers' daughters, and come hither from the distant states of Vermont and New Hampshire, &c., to work for two, three, or four years, when they return to their native hills, dowered with a little capital of their own earnings. The factory operatives at Lowell form a community that commands the respect of the neighbourhood, and of all under whose observation they come. No female of an immoral character could remain a week in any of the mills. The superintendent of the Boot Corporation informed me, that during the five and a-half years of his superintendence of that factory, employing about nine hundred and fifty young women, he had known of but one case of an illegitimate birth, and the mother was an Irish immigrant. Any male or female employed, who was known to be in a state of inebriety, would be at once dismissed." The next extract shows their prosperity in a pecuniary point. "The average wages, clear of board, amount to about two dollars a-week. Many an aged father or mother, in the country, is made happy and comfortable, by the self-sacrificing contributions from the affectionate and dutiful daughter here. Many an old homestead has been cleared of its encumbrances, and thus saved to the family, by these liberal and honest earnings. To the many and most gratifying and cheering facts, which, in the course of this examination, I have had occasion to state, I here add a few others relating to the matter now under discussion, furnished me by Mr Carney, the treasurer of the Lowell Institution for Savings. The whole number of depositors in this institution, on the 23d July, was 1976; the whole amount of deposits was 305,796 dollars and 70 cents (about £60,000). Of these depositors 978 are factory girls, and the amount of their funds now in the bank is estimated by Mr Carney, in round numbers, at 100,000 dollars. It is a common thing for one of these girls to have 500 dollars in deposit; and the only reason why she does not exceed this sum is the fact, that the institution pays no interest on any larger sum than this. After reaching this amount, she invests her remaining funds elsewhere."

In addition to this satisfactory account of the working population of Lowell, Mr Sturge mentions the following fact as an instance of the spread of intellectual cultivation:—"I ought not to omit a notice of the 'Lowell Offering,' a little monthly magazine, consisting of original articles, written exclusively by the factory girls. The editor of the 'Boston Christian Examiner' commends this little periodical to those who consider the factory system to be degrading and demoralising; and expresses a doubt 'whether a committee of young ladies, selected from the most refined and best-educated families in any of our towns and cities, could make a fairer appearance in type than these hard-working factory girls.'"

In his general observations on all that had passed under his notice in the States, the author sums up his opinions on the social condition of the people at large as follows:—"In short, whether I consider the religious, the benevolent, or the literary institutions of the

* London: Hamilton and Adams. 1841.

northern states—whether I contemplate the beauty of their cities, or the general aspect of their fine country, in which nature every where is seen rendering her rich and free tribute to industry and skill—or whether I regard the general comfort and prosperity of the labouring population—my admiration is strongly excited, and, to do justice to my feelings, must be strongly expressed. Probably there is no country where the means of temporal happiness are so generally diffused, notwithstanding the constant flow of emigrants from the old world; and I believe there is no country where the means of religious and moral improvement are so abundantly provided—where facilities of education are more within the reach of all, or where there is less of extreme poverty and destitution. As morals have an intimate connexion with politics, I do not think it out of place here to record my conviction, that the great principle of popular control, which is carried out almost to its full extent in the free states, is not only beautiful in theory, but that it is found to work well in practice. It is true that disgraceful scenes of mob violence and Lynch law have occurred, but perhaps not more frequently than popular outbreaks in Great Britain; while, generally, the supremacy of law and order have been restored without troops, or special commissions, or capital punishments. It is also true that these occurrences are, for the most part, directly traceable, not to the celebrated declaration of the equal and unalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which is the fundamental principle of the constitution, but to the flagrant violation of that principle in the persons of the coloured population, of whom those in most of the free states are actually or virtually deprived of political rights; and the rest, constituting a majority of the population in some of the southern states, are held in abject slavery."

To this we have nothing to add, but that the slavery of the southern states of America and elsewhere will not be got rid of by frantic projects such as have lately proved abortive, but by plans devised on principles of common sense, peaceful suasion, and a reasonable allowance of time to permit prejudices to be weakened and ultimately removed.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SHOWMAN.

CARSWELL HOUSE, in which I have now resided for upwards of seven years, is a prettily situated mansion. It stands on the brow of a gentle declivity, and overlooks a wide extent of beautiful country. The view from our parlour windows in the summer season, when the woods are green, and the fields clothed in verdure, is delightful. It must be allowed, however, that we are rather dreary in winter. The house is somewhat solitary, and the snow, which falls heavily, lies long and deep around it. At about a quarter of a mile from the house passes a cart-road leading to the village of Limburne, about five miles distant, and of this road a stretch of about a mile lies in view of our windows.

It was on a wild snowy day in the month of January last year, that one of my youngsters, who was standing at a window looking at the drift which was whirling past in thick and blinding clouds, called my attention to the figure of a man on the road, who, though still struggling with the storm, seemed ready every moment to sink beneath its violence. He appeared unable to make any way against the suffocating drift; and this the less readily that he bore, as we could discern, a heavy burden on his back.

Seeing the man's distress, I dispatched my gardener and footman to his assistance, desiring them to conduct him to the house, in which I meant he should remain until the storm had somewhat abated. In less than half an hour the man was comfortably seated by our kitchen fire, and proved to be an itinerant showman. He was an Italian, and the burden which we had observed upon his back was his show-box. Grateful for the kindness shown him—which kindness included of course the refreshments required by his condition—the poor Italian sent up a respectful message to the dining-room, to the effect that he would be happy to exhibit his show to the younger members of the family, if they would so far honour him. He was immediately requested to come up stairs, and to bring his show along with him.

I was much struck with the man's appearance on his entering the room, which he did with a remarkably graceful bow. His countenance had the swarthy hue of his country, and his dark eye all the fire and brilliancy that belong to the eyes of the children of the sunny south. But there was an expression of mildness and intelligence in his countenance not so often seen, and which at once attracted my attention.

Having placed his show-box—a tasteful thing, beautifully painted and gilt—in a proper situation, he withdrew the slides from the lenses, wiped them carefully, and placing himself at one end of the box, in order to work the tableaux, or pictures, he invited us, with a polite bow and pleasant smile, to take our places at the sights, of which there were in all six.

Before drawing the cord which was to exhibit the first picture to us, the Italian made a short speech in broken but perfectly intelligible English, the substance of which was—That his exhibition differed from all other exhibitions in the show way; that there was little in what he had to exhibit to gratify the eye as mere spectacle, but a good deal, he hoped, to strike the imagination, and perhaps improve the mind; that,

in short, his was a philosophical exhibition, the material being taken from human life.

Having taken our places at the glasses, the Italian drew a cord, when there was presented to us the figure—picture, I presume it was, but so admirably painted, so life-like, so finely relieved, that it seemed a beautiful statue—of a child, a lovely boy of between three and four years of age. We all uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight on beholding this fair child; his look was so innocent, so playful; his brow so open and sunny; the smile on his beauteous countenance so full of sweetness and childish simplicity.

"Is not that a lovely child?" said the Italian. "Saw you ever such a picture of innocence! Saw you ever human countenance so utterly free from all expression of evil—from all indications of the darker passions of human nature! Does he not seem, in truth, a very angel! You cannot believe it possible—nay, it surely is not possible—that so guileless and innocent a being should ever become a cruel, ruthless, blood-thirsty savage."

"No, no," we all exclaimed; "it cannot be. It is impossible."

At this instant, click went one of the cords of the show-box. The picture of the child disappeared, and what is called a battle-piece occupied its place. In the foreground, a body of cavalry was making desperate havoc amongst the remains of an army which had just been broken and put to flight. The leader of the charging party was himself employing his sabre with merciless activity, not scrupling to cut down even those who supplicated his mercy, or whose wounds disabled them for flight or resistance. His countenance manifested that excitement which accompanies the exercise of the more violent passions.

"Have you ever seen that man before, my kind friends?" said the Italian, with a gentle but significant smile.

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! my good friends, but you have," he said, laughing. "That ruthless warrior is no other than the beautiful and innocent child, grown to man's estate, whom you a little while since so much admired."

Click, again, went the cord of the show-box, and a splendid pageant took the place of the battle-piece. The scene was the interior of a noble Gothic hall, hung with rich tapestry, and blazing with the light of a thousand wax candles in silver sconces. Along the centre of the hall ran a long table, loaded with the most costly viands in gold and silver vessels. At this table sat a multitude of persons, male and female, splendidly attired. At a small table, at the farther end of the hall, and raised upon a dais, sat a lordly-looking personage, arrayed in sumptuous robes, and wearing on his head a crown of gold sparkling with precious stones. By his side sat a fair young lady, on whom all eyes seemed bent in wonder and admiration, and on whom her lordly companion appeared gazing with inexpressible fondness. As became a creature of such surpassing loveliness, she, too, was magnificently attired, while behind and around her chair stood a crowd of attendants, ready to obey her slightest wish. It seemed, in truth, as if the air of heaven would not be permitted to breathe too rudely on that exquisitely beautiful form.

We were all struck with admiration of this splendid scene, especially with the extraordinary beauty and sumptuous attire of the young lady who sat beside the king, and now inquired who the former and latter were. The Italian told us that the king was Edward IV.; the lady who sat beside him the celebrated Jane Shore. We were about to ask some other questions, when click, again, went the string of the box, and a dreary, monotonous view of frost-bound ponds and fields, and leafless trees, with a large city in the distance, which we subsequently learnt was London, was presented to our view. In the foreground of the picture, which it made one cold and chilly but to look at, was the figure of a miserable old woman, haggard and wrinkled with poverty and age, gathering sticks for firewood. Her clothes were in rags, and she seemed as if perishing with cold and hunger.

"Have you, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, as on a former occasion—"have you, think you, ever seen that miserable old woman before?"

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! wrong again," replied the Italian, with one of his gentle and intelligent smiles. "You have seen her. What will you think, now, when I tell you that that starving, wretched, repulsive, old woman, who is searching the leafless hedges for withered sticks where-with to make a fire to warm her aged limbs, and the beauteous young lady whom you saw seated beside royalty, surrounded with all the pomp and adulation of a royal court, are one and the same person. It is so. And yet, extreme as the transition is, it is not the work of fancy. It is not the conception of an idle brain; it is an incident from real life. That miserable old woman is Jane Shore; and such, we all know, was her unhappy end."

Again the string was drawn. And now the interior of an apartment of moderate size, and otherwise such as are seen in the houses of the more respectable of the middling classes, was exhibited. It was filled with company, all apparently dressed for the occasion, and seemed to be the scene of some joyous revelry—every countenance beaming with a mirth and glee which,

we might conjecture, was, in part at least, inspired by the profuse display of good cheer which the ample table board around which the guests were seated exhibited.

We could not, at first, make out any special purpose for this merry-making. But, at length, desiring a jolly-looking dame, who struck us at once as presenting what we may call the characteristics of a nurse, bearing about with an air of triumph a gaily-dressed and smiling babe in her arms, we made out that it was a christening. On a small brooch or clasp, which united in front a broad band or cinchure that begirt the infant, the artist had inscribed, in very small, almost invisible letters, the words, "Edward Marston, aged three weeks."

Again the string was drawn, and another apartment, similar to the above described, was exhibited; but how differently occupied. It was filled with mourners, and on a table or tressel in the centre lay a coffin. It was still unclosed, and we could see that it contained the body of an old man. His ghastly, withered countenance, and pinched features, were uncovered, and on the metal plate of the coffin lid, which lay close by, we read, "Edward Marston, aged 72 years." The figure which we now contemplated was, then, the smiling cherub of the preceding picture. Where now were the members of that merry company, whom we saw assembled to welcome his admission within the pale of the church! One after another, they have all long since descended into the grave; and *he*, too, is now about to follow. His term of life has run out. It was a long one; but at its close it seemed to have passed almost as quickly as the transition of the two pictures.

"Now, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, "let us see what is doing in the mansion adjoining this house of mourning."

He drew the string, and a brilliantly lighted apartment, filled with a gay assembly, presented itself. The centre of the floor was occupied by a crowd of light-footed dancers, and mirth and revelry held unrestrained dominion over the scene.

"It is the celebration of a marriage," said the Italian. "Look to the right, and you will see the bride and bridegroom standing together. That is she, the fair young girl in the white satin dress. See how beautiful she is; how elegant her form! That tall and graceful young man, on whose arm she so fondly leans, is her husband. How happy he looks! He has no thought for the future. His whole soul, his every sense, is wrapt up in the present; he dreams not that all this happiness and joy will speedily pass away."

And, at this instant, away like thought passed the joyous scene, and another took its place. It was a fair garden; and on one of its rustic seats sat an old lady, dressed in the deepest mourning of widowhood. Her aged countenance was sad and melancholy. A long staff, with an ivory head, which stood beside her, showed that she could not walk without such aid. Around her sported three or four young children; on the golden head of one of whom rested one of her long, thin, withered, and palsied hands. She seemed as if blessing the child.

"Know ye who that feeble old woman is?" said the Italian.

"We guess," said we; for we now fully understood the nature and scope of his exhibition.

"Right," he replied, satisfied that we did know who she was. "That ancient dame, who cannot totter along without the support of a staff, is no other than the fair young bride of the preceding picture. Her husband, the gay and graceful youth whom you saw by her side, has been long dead, and these bright-haired children who are sporting around her are her grand-children. Thus goes the world on."

Once more the string was drawn, and a splendid mansion presented itself to view. A little, ragged, shivering boy, who seemed to have been soliciting charity, was being thrust rudely from the door by a pompous, over-fed menial, who held a stick over him in a threatening attitude. The Italian bade us mark the little ragged boy well. We did so. He drew the string, and the same mansion was again presented to our sight. But it had undergone many changes. Additions had been made to it here and there. New doors and windows had been struck out, and other prominent features altered. The grounds around the building, too, had undergone change; trees grew where there had been none before; and where there had, they had been cut down. Altogether, the painter, if picture it was, had so contrived it, that, on comparing the appearances of the mansion in the two paintings, a distinct impression was conveyed of the lapse of an interval of many years. A little way from the door of the house in the picture we were now contemplating, a gentleman, seemingly the proprietor, was about to get into a carriage. An old mendicant on crutches, with hat in hand, his grey locks streaming in the wind, stood a little apart, as if in the act of imploring his charity. The appeal did not appear to be made in vain. The gentleman, with a look of great benevolence, was putting something into his hand.

The Italian now questioned us as before. "Know ye," he said, "who that gentleman is, and who that poor old man who is soliciting his charity, and, as you see, not in vain! That gentleman, my kind friends," he went on, "is the poor boy who was turned from the door of the mansion thirty years since, and he who is now appealing to his benevolence is the same with him who drove him away—such are the extra-

ordinary changes which are constantly taking place in human affairs, often from heedlessness, or, perhaps, wilful extravagance, on the one hand, and perseverance with self-denial on the other."

Here dinner being announced, we were reluctantly compelled to desist, for the time, from further gratifying our curiosity with these pictures of life. But as there was no appearance of the storm abating, and as I in consequence had offered the Italian quarters for the night—an offer which he gratefully accepted—we engaged him to renew his interesting exhibition in the evening; he having informed us that we had yet seen but a very small portion of what he had to show.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

VISIT TO HOFWYL.

HOFWYL, situated at the distance of from six to eight English miles from Berne, was one of those places which had formed a principal object of my visit to Switzerland—a visit which, it will have been perceived, was rather less to scramble over ice at the height of ten thousand feet, than to see nature in her more charming moods, and to observe something of the character and features of Swiss society. No one taking the slightest interest in education and its progress, could visit Berne without seeing the far-spoken establishment of M. de Fellenberg, more particularly since it is open to the inspection of strangers from all quarters of the world. It was not therefore surprising that I made it the object of a special side excursion.

Hiring a voiture on purpose for the day, we proceeded from Berne in a northerly direction, and passed for several miles through a rich agricultural tract, well clothed with tall timber, and evidently the property of a class of persons above the usual standing of cottage farmers. The fields had been cleared of their autumnal produce; ploughs were here and there seen turning over the furrows preparatory for new crops; and at the doors of the large thatched homesteads of the farmers, clusters of women were busy skutching flax, with the customary energy and clacking noise with which that occupation is performed. Passing through these pleasing scenes of rural comfort and industry—or, I should almost say, hard labour, for hard it would be to English females—our carriage at length entered a more undulating stretch of country, and made the best of its way through a pretty thick wood. On emerging from the cool shade of the overhanging trees, we had before us an open tract, in the midst of which, on the top of a gently rising ground, stood Hofwyl—a situation apparently unmatchable in point of salubrity and beauty, for all around, the cleared fields descend to distant vales and meadows, which are backed by sheltering hills and woods; and from various parts of the grounds are seen the long ridgy peaks of the Bernese Alps. A few minutes served to carry us up to the place, where we were received with the greatest politeness and attention by M. de Fellenberg, one of the most venerable men whom it was ever my fortune to meet; and his son, a young gentleman who is now taking a large share of the burden of the establishment. As it is my desire to give as exact an idea as possible of Hofwyl and the plans of its proprietor, I hope to be excused for going a little into detail.

M. de Fellenberg is by birth a Swiss, having been born in the canton of Berne, in the year 1771. His immediate ancestors were of the patrician or privileged class, which late events have levelled with the ordinary citizens of the country; by the mother's side, he is a descendant of the Dutch admirals Cornelius and Van Tromp. The excellent example and admonitions of his parents had a happy influence upon his early years, and induced that strong devotion to the interests of his country and of mankind at large which has distinguished him through life. While still a young man, he had the sagacity to form the conclusion that no species of political reform in the affairs of Switzerland could be of any use unless preceded by a reform in education. To satisfy himself on this point, he travelled all over Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Germany on foot, everywhere acquainting himself with the state of the people, residing in the villages and farm-houses, and mingling in the labours and hearing the sentiments of the peasants. On the invasion of Switzerland by the French in 1798, he took an active part in opposing them, was proscribed, and fled to Germany. He was soon after recalled to his native country, and employed on a political mission to the French Directory; but the prevailing disregard of all principle gave him a distaste of diplomacy, and he resigned his office. He then filled a public station at home, and, fully impressed with the belief that the only resource against the revolutionary horrors he had witnessed was to be found in education, he re-

solved to devote his life to this object. He was appointed a member of the Council of Education; but finding little was to be done by those with whom he acted, he threw off all connexion with the government, and determined to form on his own estate of Hofwyl, and with his own fortune, an institution, to prove practically what could be done, by a right system of education, for the benefit of humanity.

Such was the principle on which M. de Fellenberg started as an educationist about forty years ago, and we have now to say something of his operations. His plans were comprehensive and full of benevolence. He purchased and added about two hundred acres of land to his estate, which must have been originally small, his object being not only to improve the knowledge of agriculture in the district, but to make lessons in industrial affairs a means of moral training. He began, therefore, by establishing an agricultural school, which he formed of the destitute children of the canton. To this, after a time, he added a school for youths from the higher classes of society. And, lastly, he formed an intermediate school of boys, chiefly the sons of farmers who were able to pay a small board. His scheme was gone about with great caution and deliberation; for his object being the formation of character, it was absolutely necessary that new comers should be admitted only after the previous pupils had been to a certain extent fixed in principle. This was a wise resolution, which it would be well for teachers in general to copy, as large accessions of raw lads at one time are apt to derange the whole economy of an educational establishment, and undo much of the advantages already gained.

After a course of constant improvement for nearly forty years, we now find the establishment of Hofwyl complete in all its details—the edifices constituting the schools and dwelling-houses settled into the character of a quiet orderly village, and the fields, for half a mile round, trimmed with the same skill and neatness as you would see in East Lothian or Norfolk. The buildings stand on the most elevated part of the estate, and are of a respectable appearance, each several storeys in height. On entering an open play-ground, we have, on the right, the largest building, in which M. de Fellenberg and his family, and also the higher class of pupils, reside, and in which also are some of the class-rooms. On the lower or sunk floor are the kitchen and cellars; the floor above contains a large dining-room, chapel, and other apartments; on the next floor are the class-rooms; and the top storey is laid out in two large sleeping apartments, with a row of beds on each side—the whole clean and neat in the extreme. Each boy occupies a separate bed, and the whole are superintended by masters, whose apartments are adjoining. The boys are never alone, so that none has the power of either domineering over or contaminating his companions. All rise at 5, and breakfast at 6 o'clock in summer, and at 6 and 7 in winter.

From this large and commodious building we were conducted to a house of more plain appearance across the play-ground, the lower part of which we found to be occupied as a museum and a receptacle for garden tools; in the floor above was a cabinet-making shop, where several young gentlemen were at the time engaged in making articles according to their own taste, under the direction of a professed workman. Passing a place for gymnastic exercises, we now went to the house containing the intermediate classes, at which, in a lower hall, eighty lads were at the time at dinner, under the superintendence of their masters. Next, we adjourned to the extensive suite of buildings connected with the dairy and operations of the farm, which stood on the northern slope, and a little aloof from the main cluster of the establishment. Here a most extensive system of rural management was disclosed to us. In a series of lower offices stood seventy-two cows, beautiful large animals, which I was told were occasionally, for the sake of exercise, employed in drawing the plough—a practice to which nothing could reconcile either the ladies of the party or myself. In the upper part of the cow-house was a barn of immense size; and in a neighbouring loft we were shown a large array of agricultural implements, quite new, and ready for use—the preparation of these articles on the most improved plan forming a part of M. de Fellenberg's widely comprehensive schemes. The dairy, the places of residence of the boys of the lower school, and other departments, were shown, but require no notice. After seeing every thing here, we were led by a pathway down the sloping field to a pond 90 feet in diameter, neatly paved, and surrounded by a tall hedge, with a dressing-house. The water is kept ever fresh by a spring. This is the bathing pond for the boys, and here they learn to swim.

We were conducted over these various outlying parts of the establishment by young M. de Fellenberg, who has been in England, and clearly explained every thing to us in our own tongue. Returning with him to the *grande maison*, we again sat down by the side of the venerable founder of the institution; and what betwixt his own and his son's observations, I really believe little was left to be told. The manner and conversation of M. de Fellenberg were exceedingly pleasing. In his appearance is embodied all that we can conceive of an estimable old man—a most benevolent cast of countenance, silver white hair, and the sober dress of a recluse. He spoke in French, and so slowly and distinctly that there was no mistaking his meaning. German is the common language in this

part of Switzerland, and is therefore used in the schools; but French and English are taught to those who desire them. At the period of my visit, the whole establishment included about 150 boys, of whom from 50 to 60 belonged to the high school, 80 to the intermediate, and the remainder to the lower or agricultural school. With respect to the latter, their schooling is on a very moderate scale; but they are taken gratuitously, and their labour, such as it is, compensates for their board and instruction. The boys of the intermediate school are taught on a more advanced plan, but with reference to ordinary professions, including agriculture, and are boarded in a plain manner, conformable to the moderate sum paid for their attendance. The pith of the whole concern is the high school; the pupils are taught by the best masters, and I should certainly say that the principle of their education is unexceptionable, for it refers alike to physical, intellectual, and moral training. Among other accomplishments, vocal music is taught upon scientific principles to all, and instrumental music to those whose taste inclines. Lessons in music being also given in the lower schools, at times there are meetings in which all join in concert. An English lady, who has three boys at the institution, and to whom I have been indebted for a candid statement of what she saw and felt during a pretty lengthened visit, says, in a communication to me on the subject—"The pupils of the intermediate school sing in parts with a perfection rare among children; and I was never more touched by music, than when, early on a Sunday morning, their voices broke the universal stillness. There is a monthly concert on a Sunday evening. The night I was present the audience consisted of more than two hundred persons, formed of the pupils of the three schools and their masters, who took a part in the performance, also M. de Fellenberg, his daughters, and grand-children, and servants of the whole establishment. The orchestra was composed of violins, violoncello, double bass, trombone, clarinet, flute, and French horn. The pieces played were those of Haydn, Neukomm, Rossini, and other leading composers. The audience were very attentive, but did not applaud, as M. de Fellenberg conceives the young have not sufficient judgment to pronounce an opinion publicly. After the concert, the performers were invited publicly to the saloon, and partook of refreshments. I may here mention that the part taken by M. de Fellenberg's daughters is most valuable. Their mother died about three years since. She gave them the example of an undeviating co-operation in the views and practical details of their father's philanthropic designs. They all speak English, and their maternal kindness and care of the young children are beyond all praise. They are elegant and accomplished women, uniting the simplicity of Swiss habits with intellectual refinement. In the winter, the pupils visit the saloon in turn, twice a-week, and also join the domestic circle of the head master and his wife. Thus, Hofwyl unites the advantages of public with domestic education in a manner unknown in any other institution."

It is customary in some of the best continental boarding-schools for the boys to proceed on excursions annually with their masters; and this is particularly attended to at Hofwyl. A certain number of boys are placed under the charge of a trusty master, and set out on a tour in the month of August, in a direction previously determined. The journey is on foot, and each carries a knapsack, furnished with a few articles of clothing. Thus the squad march over hill and dale, visit places of historical interest, picturesque scenes, ruins of old castles, and towns of commercial note. It need hardly be mentioned that these journeys, which last for several weeks, are of great use in opening up the minds of the youths, independently of the advantages which may be derived from physical exercise. A boy at a school of this liberal kind, in the course of a few years, has perambulated the north of Italy, the Tyrol, a portion of Germany, and best part of Switzerland, and is able to converse in several languages; while a boy at an English boarding-school has seen nothing, can with difficulty translate a few words of Latin, and speak only his own vernacular tongue.

I learned from M. de Fellenberg that he has taken every possible care to surround the institution with a pure moral atmosphere, to exclude evil influence and example, and thus, as far as possible, control whatever evil passions the pupil may naturally possess. Boys who are restive under the mild system of discipline which is established are removed. It is not every one who will be admitted. The place is not a reformatory or penitentiary; neither is it a place in which there is any attempt at proselytising. In the course of religious instruction, nothing beyond the general principles of Christianity are taught; and on Sunday, the boys of each sect attend chapel at certain hours, when a clergyman of their own creed is in attendance. The chapel is a large apartment, which we were shown in making the round of the premises. It is plainly furnished with benches, and has at one end an object which I took to be a closed cupboard; pointing to it, M. de Fellenberg observed that it was "*l'autel pour la messe*," which was shut up when the place was used for the reformed worship. Notwithstanding the presence of this dangerous piece of furniture, there never has been known an instance of a conversion to Roman Catholicism in the school, neither has there been an instance of a change from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism. M. de Fellenberg is not a propa-

gandist; and his liberal and judicious arrangements for each set of boys being brought up in the religion of their parents, shows that he is any thing but a bigot.

The plans of this amiable philanthropist may be said to be much ahead of the age in which he lives. He has formed conceptions of the moral improbability of the human species which do not seem to enter the minds of ordinary instructors. The object of ninety-nine in the hundred of persons assuming the education of youth, is little more than to impart a certain routine of instruction. They have not the most remote idea of elevating the moral character—cultivating and purifying the innermost thoughts of the child. Fellenberg aims at making the very most of the being committed to his charge—training him to be a really good as well as highly intelligent man. For this end, besides excluding evil influence and example, he surrounds the pupil with what will allure and stimulate him to good; but without resorting to the principle of emulation, or holding out the offer of prizes and honorary distinctions, which he considers injurious to sound morals. When new pupils arrive, they find themselves in the midst of a busy little world; they perceive industry and occupation accompanied by enjoyment; they soon acquire a love of intellectual and moral exercise for their own sake; and gradually falling into the stream of duties, in turn exert an influence on others. But though apparently left to act as free agents, they are individually under constant supervision; the effects of circumstances on their bodies and minds are observed; evil propensities are restrained, and every thing is done to inspire confidence, self-control, and that self-approval which is ever the reward of good conduct.

I believe I should only tire the reader by saying any thing more respecting Hofwyl. I ought to speak with diffidence, as I spent only a few hours within the walls of the institution; and before pronouncing an opinion, ought to have followed the plan of an Irish nobleman who lately went to the establishment, like myself, for a forenoon, but was so delighted with all he saw that he stayed six months. My impression is, that the class instruction and physical and moral training at Hofwyl are of the first order; at all events, I never saw any thing to compare with it in England; and I am assured by those who have children in the institution—persons who know what education should be—that it is all they could wish. How far M. de Fellenberg has realised the views on which he originally set out, is a different question. I rather think he has been disappointed. The bulk of the Swiss, as I mentioned on a former occasion, are a set of hard-working peasant farmers. They are diligent, frugal, and virtuous, but their minds are contracted. The offer of M. de Fellenberg to educate their children has never been accepted of with hearty approbation or thanks. Their plan of rearing a family consists in making their children contribute a share to the general means of subsistence. A child of four years can tend a goat; a boy of twelve can handle a spade. The whole scheme of operations in Switzerland is to take out of every living being all the work he or she can produce to the general stock. Against such mean ideas of the value of juvenile labour, M. de Fellenberg could not possibly contend. The offer to a parent to educate his child was equivalent to asking him to part with a servant; and it was imagined that the offer was made only for selfish purposes. Consequently, the lower department of the institution has been the least successful; still, it has sent out a considerable number of lads well skilled in husbandry on the most approved models, and that is something done for the great out-field of ignorance. The intermediate school has been a degree more successful, and is generally well attended. It must likewise have had a beneficial effect in scattering throughout the middle order of society many young men impressed with proper notions of trade, agriculture, and social organisation. The strength of the institution appears to have centered in the upper school, which is attended by gentlemen's sons from Germany, and some other countries to which the fame of the institution has spread, including Switzerland. There are a few young gentlemen from England. The plan of uniting in one establishment three boarding-schools of different grades, appeared to me objectionable, and I imagine it would scarcely answer in England. I learned, however, that it has never been attended with the collisions I anticipated; and that when all the various boys happened to assemble, there was nothing like arrogant superiority on the one hand, or inferiority on the other, but that all was perfect harmony between them.

The world in general, condemning what it cannot understand, or which does not fall in with its own prejudices, has, I believe, not hesitated to hold up M. de Fellenberg as a charlatan, and his schemes as at best idle dreams. That this character is unjust, I have no hesitation in saying. He may not have realised all his intentions; but these intentions were sincere, and he has at least sacrificed a lifetime in endeavouring to carry them into effect. Local circumstances, as I have hinted, have not a little hampered his views; but he has clearly made an impression in the educational arrangements of his country; and, by the model which he has presented of a farm cultivated on the best principles of science and art, his exertions have proved of great value to the agriculture of this part of the continent. Persons, also, who have been trained up at his seminary have gone forth and established industrial schools on a similar model in

different parts of Switzerland and Germany; and thus the benevolent designs of the founder of Hofwyl are likely, at a future day, to be fully carried out.

We parted from M. de Fellenberg's family not without regret, and returned slowly to Berne, pondering on the many agreeable sensations which had been experienced on our visit.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

MAY-DAY.

A SOUND of laughing villages comes over the imagination at the very name of May-day. This, in times when festivals were real observances of the people, was one of the most signally and cheerfully kept, although it has not the least trace of Christianity about it, but may be said to be Pagan all over. The celebration of May-day must have been prompted by nature herself: the time of the young flower and leaf, and of all the promise which August fulfils, could not but impress the minds of the simplest people, and dispose them to joyful demonstrations in word and act. The sun, as the immediate author of the glories of the season, was now worshipped by the Celtic nations under the name of Baal; hence the festival of *Beltein*, still faintly observed in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. Even in Ayrshire, they kindled Baal's fire in the evening of May-day, till about the year 1790. The Romans held games called *Floralia*, at which there was great display of flowers, and where women danced, if we are to believe Juvenal, only too enthusiastically. The May-day jollities of modern Europe seem to be directly descended from the *Floralia*.

In England, we have to go back a couple of hundred years for the complete May-day; since then it has gradually declined, and now it is almost extinct. When it was fully observed, the business of the day began with the day itself, that is to say, at midnight. We have the authority of Shakspeare, that with the populace of England it was impossible to sleep on May morning. Immediately after twelve had struck, they were all astir, wishing each other a merry May, as they still, at the same hour on the first of January, wish each other a happy new year. They then went forth, with music and the blowing of horns, to some neighbouring wood, where they employed themselves in breaking down and gathering branches. These they brought back at an early hour, and planted over their doors, so that by daylight the whole village looked quite a bower. The citizens of London went a-Maying in this fashion, notwithstanding their comparative distance from woods. They went marshalled in parishes, or in unions of two or three parishes; their mayor and aldermen went also; and we read of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine riding from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, attended by lords and ladies, to join in the sport. In some places, the Mayers brought home a garland suspended from a pole, round which they danced. In others, and this was a more general custom, there was an established May-pole for the village, which it was their business to dress up with flowers and flags, and dance around throughout all the latter part of the day. A May-pole was as tall as the mast of a sloop of fifty tons, painted with spiral stripes of black and white, and properly fixed in a frame to keep it erect. Here lads and lasses danced in a joyful ring for hours to the sounds of the viol, and masquers personating Robin Hood, Little John, Maid Marian, and others of the celebrated Sherwood company of outlaws, as well as morris-dancers, performed their still more merry pranks. May-poles, as tending to encourage levity of deportment, were condemned by the puritans in Elizabeth's time; James I. supported them in his Book of Sports; they were altogether suppressed during the time of the Commonwealth, but got up again at the Restoration. Now, change of manners has done that which ordinances of parliament could not do. This object, so interwoven with our national poetical literature, is all but rooted out of the land. Washington Irving speaks of having seen one in the earlier days of his acquaintance with England—probably twenty-five years ago. "I shall never," he says, "forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in *Troissart*. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which 'the Dea wound its wizard stream,' my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in

their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by—the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic—the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city."

It is not unworthy of notice that the late Dr Parr was "a patron of May-day sports. Opposite his parsonage house at Hatton, near Warwick, on the other side of the road, stood the parish May-pole, which on the annual festival was dressed with garlands, surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The doctor was 'first of the throng,' and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the May-pole in a closet of his house, from which it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers preparatory to its elevation, and to the doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to himself and advantage to his neighbours."

A certain superstitious feeling attached to May-day. The dew of that morning was considered as a cosmetic of the highest efficacy, and women, especially young women, who are never unwilling to improve in this respect, used to go abroad before sunrise to gather it. To this day, there is a resort of the fair sex every May-morning to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for the purpose of washing their faces with the dew. Mr Pepys, in his curious diary written in the time of Charles II., gravely tells us of his wife gone to Woolwich for a little air, and to gather May-dew, "which Mrs Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world [Rowland's Kalydor not being then invented] to wash her face with." Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," speaks of a sprig of hawthorn gathered on May-day, and hung in the entry to a house, as a presumed preservative against all malign influences. We find another quaint superstition as to May-day in Gay's "Shepherd's Week":—

"Last May-day fair, I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin; home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L.
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love."

There was also a practice of making fools on May-day, similar to what obtains on the first of the preceding month. The deluded were called *May-godlings*. It was held unlucky to marry in May, a notion which, we learn from Ovid, existed among the Romans.

A gentleman residing at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, communicated to Mr Hone a curious account of the way in which May-day is observed at that place. The Mayers there express their judgment of the estimableness of the characters of their neighbours by fixing branches upon their doors before morning; those who are unpopular find themselves marked with nettle or some other vile weed instead. "Throughout the day, parties of these Mayers are seen dancing and frolicking in various parts of the town. The group that I saw to-day, which remained in Bancroft for more than an hour, was composed as follows:—First came two men with their faces blacked, one of them with a birch broom in his hand, and a large artificial hump on his back; the other dressed as a woman, all in rags and tatters, with a large straw bonnet on, and carrying a ladle: these are called 'Mad Moll and her husband.' Next came two men, one most fantastically dressed with ribbons, and a great variety of gaudy-coloured silk handkerchiefs tied round his arms from the shoulders to the wrists, and down his thighs and legs to the ankles; he carried a drawn sword in his hand; leaning upon his arm was a youth dressed as a fine lady, in white muslin, and profusely bedecked from top to toe with gay ribbons; these, I understood, were called the 'Lord and Lady' of the company. After these followed six or seven couples more, attired much in the same style as the lord and lady, only the men were without swords. When this group received a satisfactory contribution at any house, the music struck up from a violin, clarinet, and fife, accompanied by the long drum, and they began the merry dance, and very well they danced, I assure you; the men-*coomers* looked and footed it so much like *real* women, that I stood in great doubt as to which sex they belonged to, till Mrs J— assured me that women were not permitted to mingle in these sports. While the dancers were merrily footing it, the principal amusement to the populace was caused by the grimaces and clownish tricks of Mad Moll and her husband. When the circle of spectators became so contracted as to interrupt the dancers, then Mad Moll's husband went to work with his broom, and swept the road dust all round the circle into the faces of the crowd; and when any pretended affronts were offered (and many were offered) to his wife, he pursued the offenders, broom in hand; if he could not overtake them, whether they were males or females, he flung his broom at them. These flights and pursuits caused an abundance of merriment."† The

Hitchin Mayers have a song much in the style of a Christmas carol, which Mr Hone has also given:—

“Remember us, poor Mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day;
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any look;
Our heavenly Father he wated them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!”

In London, as has been said, May-day was once as much observed as it was in any rural district. There were several May-poles throughout the city, particularly one near the bottom of Catherine Street in the Strand, which, rather oddly, became in its latter days a support for a large telescope at Wanstead in Essex, the property of the Royal Society. The milkmaids were amongst the last conspicuous celebrators of the day. They used to dress themselves in holiday guise on this morning, and come in bands with fiddles, whereto they danced, attended by a strange-looking pyramidal pile, covered with pewter plates, ribbons, and streamers, either borne by a man upon his head, or by two men upon a hand-barrow: this was called their *garland*. The young chimney-sweepers also made this a peculiar festival, coming forth into the streets in fantastic dresses, and making all sorts of unearthly noises with their shovels and brushes. The benevolent Mrs Montagu, one of the first of the class of literary ladies in England, gave these home slaves an annual dinner on this day, in order, we presume, to aid a little in reconciling them to existence. In London, May-day still remains the great festival of the sweeps, and much finery and many vagaries are exhibited on the occasion.

The Robin Hood games and morris-dances, by which this day was distinguished till the Reformation, appear, from many scattered notices of them, to have been entertainments full of interest to the common people. Robin has been alternatively styled in at least one document as the King of May, while Maid Marian seems to have been held as the Queen. The various scattered particulars respecting these festivities, which make but dry reading by themselves, have been wrought up to some advantage by Mr Strutt in his “Queen Hoo Hall,” where he describes May-day as celebrated by the servants and dependants of an English baron of the fifteenth century. (We abridge a little in the matter of costume.) “In the front of the pavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers, and interrupting the diversion; there were also two bars at the bottom of the enclosure, through which the actors might pass and repass, as occasion required. Six young men first entered the square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders like woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy leaves, intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed six young maidens of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow decorated with ribbons of various colours interspersed with flowers; and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters equipped in green tunics, with hoods and hosen of the same colour; each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldric of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them came Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief falconer, who personified *Robin Hood*; he was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were parti-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldric of light blue tarantula, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold. Fabian, a page, as *Little John*, walked at his right hand; and Cecil Cellerman, the butler, as *Will Stukely*, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came two maidens, in orange-coloured kirtles with white courties, strewing flowers, followed immediately by the *Maid Marian*, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground. She was supported by two bride-maidens, in sky-coloured rochets girt with crimson girdles. After them came four other females in green courties, and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Sampson, the smith, as *Frier Tuck*, carrying a huge

quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris, the mole-taker, who represented *Much*, the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end. And after them the *May-pole*, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours, and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by the hobby-horse and the dragon. When the May-pole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation. During the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the enclosure were opened for the villagers to approach and adorn it with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them. The pole being sufficiently enlarded with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant, and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The *woodmen* and the *milk-maidens* danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritte, the baron's chief minstrel, on the *bagpipes*, accompanied with the pipe and tabor, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory the jester, who undertook to play the *hobby-horse*, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a *dragon*, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of *Much*, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the enclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the mean time, Sampson, representing *Frier Tuck*, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time; but Gregory, beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back. The well-nurtured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and their two companions followed their example, which concluded this part of the pastime. Then the archers set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades, and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again, when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second best performer in that contest. The pageant was finished with the archery, and the procession began to move away to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the May-pole in promiscuous companies, according to the ancient custom.”

AN ELEGANTLY USELESS YOUNG LADY.

Of this class of young ladies we find the following specimen in a work now publishing, called “Family Secrets”:—“Isabel advanced along the path of life with feeble and uncertain steps; for in addition to her constitutional delicacy, she had to contend with a will undisciplined, and with endless longings after personal gratification unchecked, unregulated, and consequently incapable of being gratified to their full extent. Indulged as a favourite child, the greater part of her life was spent in a kind of dreamy idleness, from which she was seldom roused, except by some awakening desire for personal gratification, some complaint of mental or bodily uneasiness, or some scheme for momentary amusement, which she was generally too languid or too indolent to carry into effect. The consequence of all this was, that Isabel arrived at the age of eighteen, a victim to dyspepsia, an amateur in medicine, a martyr to nervous maladies, and as elegantly discontented with life, and all it had to offer, as any other young lady of her age could think becoming her character and station. The worst of all was, that, by this system of injudicious treatment, false tastes had been created, unnatural cravings excited for bodily as well as mental stimulants, which, under the names of cordials, tonics, and restoratives, were but too plentifully supplied. Isabel had not, like her sisters, been permitted to go to school, though there was a case in which school discipline might have been highly efficacious; she had not even been considered capable of enduring the usual process of mental instruction at home. Thus, her education, even that inferior part which relates to the understanding and the memory, was as vague and irregular as could well be imagined. She was,

however, an extensive though superficial reader; and those who conversed with her only for a short time, believed her to be a much better informed person than she really was. We have said, that, with all her disadvantages, Isabel was not absolutely disagreeable. So far from this, she generally attracted attention in company by her easy and lady-like manners, and by a countenance which, perhaps, was less beautiful than interesting and expressive. Unassailed by any of those severe trials which put to the test the real principles upon which we act, she had not made the discovery herself, nor had any of her friends made it for her, that she was in reality selfish and unamiable; for while every one ministered to her gratification, she had only to express her gratitude, affect a little willingness to deny herself, and expatiate on her regret at being the cause of so much trouble, and all went on exactly as she wished—the trouble was incurred, the attempted self-denial was frustrated, and the kindness for which she expressed her gratitude was repeated and increased. What a lesson do we learn by a sudden reverse of this order of things!—a lesson, perhaps, the most severe that experience ever teaches; while, at the same time, our dependence upon animal and selfish gratification, our irritability, impatience, and wounded feeling, when these are denied, show us but too faithfully the living picture of those passions of which we believed ourselves incapable, simply because indulgence had hitherto lulled them to rest.” This listless and spoiled child, the story goes on to say, is married, but having no mental resources to fall back upon, and no taste for the active duties of life, she seeks artificial excitement; the result is such as might have been expected—she loses caste, and sinks into disgraced obscurity.

INSANITY CURED BY THE PATIENT HIMSELF.

I recollect a case which occurred to me thirty-five years ago, of a seaman, who had been living in a very intemperate way for some time, until he became so maniacal, that he could not be kept on board his ship. He was sent to the workhouse at Hull, where he had only been a few days, when he leaped out of the window, in consequence, as he afterwards related to me, of believing that the devil wanted to get possession of him. He thought he should escape him, if he could but get out of the house. He said he felt quite free for some time; but he at last heard him beneath the pavement, wherever he went in the town. He then thought, that if he could only leap on board a ship, which was at some little distance from the wharf, he should avoid him; but he had not been long on board, before he felt convinced that he was scratching at the bottom of the vessel, and it then occurred to him, that if he got on shore and cut his throat, he should be safe. He borrowed a knife from a sailor whom he met, and instantly cut his throat from ear to ear. As is very usual in these attempts at self-destruction, the pharynx was wounded, but the carotids were uninjured; the hemorrhage from the superficial vessels was enormous. The parts were speedily brought together; the wound healed by the first intention; he was never insane one moment after the brain was relieved by the immediate loss of blood. He related to me all the above circumstances. He got perfectly well, and went to sea within a month after his unsuccessful attempt at self-destruction.—*Sir W. C. Ellis on Insanity.*

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and, therefore, 3,840 in an hour—92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence; nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly 20 million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.—*Duchs.*

ADHERENCE TO OLD CUSTOMS.

The Welsh plough is one of the most awkward unmeaning tools to be found in any civilised country; but the Rotherham and other improved ploughs are coming into general use. A gentleman, a naval officer in Cardiganshire, introduced the light Rotherham, and insisted on his ploughmen using them. As soon as he turned his back, the new ploughs were dismissed the service, and the old ones brought into the field. One day, in a rage, he committed the old ploughs to the flames, and set the new ones a-going. Afterwards, taking a ride to cool himself, and returning, he found the new ploughs in the ditch, and old ploughs, borrowed from the neighbours, at work; the master then thinking it useless to persevere, gave up the contest. “I have,” said he, “seen various kinds of human beings, in different parts of the globe, but none so obstinately bent on old usages as the Welsh.”—*London's Encyclopedia of Agriculture.*

An error occurred in the paper on Coleridge which appeared in the Journal, No. 530. The poet's children, we are informed by P. H., are the following:—David Hartley, author of an interesting book entitled “The Worthies of Lancashire and Yorkshire”; Derwent, who has written a large volume on the scriptural character of the English Church; and Sara, the writer of a beautiful tale called “Phantasmion.”

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